

memoir I placed in his hands. I returned to Germany, worked there for nearly another year, and in June 1851 came back finally from Berlin to England. Then, for the first time, and on my way to the meeting of the British Association, at Ipswich, I met a man who has since made his mark upon the intellect of his time; who has long been, and who by the strong law of natural affinity must continue to be, a brother to me. We were both without definite outlook at the time, needing proper work, and only anxious to have it to perform. The chairs of natural history and of physics being advertised as vacant in the university of Toronto, we applied for them, he for the one, I for the other; but, possibly guided by a prophetic instinct, the university authorities declined having anything to do with either of us. If I remember aright, we were equally unlucky elsewhere.

One of Faraday's earliest letters to me had reference to this Toronto business, which he thought it unwise in me to neglect. But Toronto had its own notions, and in 1853, at the instance of Dr. Bence Jones, and on the recommendation of Faraday himself, a chair of physics at the royal institution was offered to me. I was tempted at the same time to go elsewhere, but a strong attraction drew me to his side. Let me say that it was mainly his and other friendships, precious to me beyond all expression, that caused me to value my position here more highly than any other that could be offered to me in this land. Nor is it for its honour, though surely that is great, but for the strong personal ties that bind me to it, that I now chiefly prize this place. You might not credit me were I to tell you how lightly I value the honour of being Faraday's successor compared with the honour of being Faraday's friend. His friendship was energy and inspiration; his "mantle" is a burden almost too heavy to be borne.

Sometimes during the last year of his life, by the permission or invitation of Mrs. Faraday, I went up to his rooms to see him. The deep radiance, which in his lime of strength Hashed with such extraordinary power from his countenance, had subsided to a calm and kindly light, by which my latest;

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was my wish and aspiration to play the
part of Schiller

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